

## Daily Kentuckian

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require subscriptions to be paid in  
advance.



This paper has enlisted  
with the government in the  
cause of America for the  
period of the war.....

## HE STILL LIVES.

Here's to the health and good  
wishes for Nebraska's foremost citi-  
zen—William Jennings Bryan—58  
years old Tuesday! No, not old, but  
58 years young. May he live long in  
years of active service. He will never  
die in the hearts and memories of his  
fellow man.

Until twenty-one years and nine  
months ago his name was fame (he  
had no fame) was hardly known out-  
side the halls of Congress and the  
congressional districts in home state  
which he represented. Since the deliv-  
ery of his "Crown-of-Thorns"  
speech in the National Convention in  
Chicago in 1896 he has never ceased  
to fight for democracy and on the  
side of right. His fame is not only  
national but international as well.  
Peerless orator and statesman that  
he is, he has commanded the largest  
audiences and excited the wildest en-  
thusiasm. His voice has been heard  
from thousands of platforms and his  
auditors surpass those of any living  
man.

Mr. Bryan has been the most mal-  
igned man in public life. Notwith-  
standing almost every great daily  
news paper in the nation has opposed  
him for more than 20 years and at  
almost every turn, he has always had  
a tremendous personal following  
which has made him a national fig-  
ure in matters of state and politics.  
Not only has Mr. Bryan been the  
most vindicated man, but he is the  
most maligned man of the present  
age. He has fought steadily forward  
for what he conceived to be right  
and has seen critics after critic and  
foe after foe fall into insignificance  
and sink to the depths of forgetful-  
ness.

Bryan still lives. Practically every  
policy, every great reform, which he  
has championed has been adopted by  
the American people and enacted in-  
to law. His present great work is  
to free the nation of the evil of  
alcoholic liquor. In this he has suc-  
ceeded in a phenomenal way. Twenty-  
six states have already adopted state-  
wide legislation. The national prohi-  
bition amendment has been rati-  
fied the same during the past ten  
weeks.

On Mr. Bryan's 58th birthday he  
was able to celebrate by opening in  
his home state, the campaign seeking  
to bring about the ratification of the  
national prohibition amendment by  
the Nebraska Legislature. In this we  
predict for him another victory and  
further vindication. Again we con-  
tend, and close by saying, Bryan still  
lives.

Germany has notified neutral Am-  
bassadors that she will seize Ameri-  
can property in Germany in retaliation  
for our seizures in this country.  
That will not be a paying game, since  
there is one hundred times as much  
German property here as there is  
American property in Germany.

Miss Esther Cleveland, daughter  
of the late Grover Cleveland, Presi-  
dent of the United States, was mar-  
ried Thursday in Westminster Abbey  
to Captain W. S. Bosanquet, D. S. O.,  
of the Goldstream Guards and son of  
Sir Albert Bosanquet. Miss Cleve-  
land was born in the White House at  
Washington, in October, 1893, during  
the second administration of her  
father.

The British who in addition to  
numerous air raids behind the lines,  
bombing points of vantage and in-  
cluding in fights in the air with ene-  
my aviators, since October have car-  
ried out 255 flights or 38 raids into  
German territory. The important  
town of Mannheim has been their lat-  
est target, explosives bombs exceed-  
ing a ton in weight having been  
dropped there.

## "Over the Top"

By An American Soldier  
Who Went

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY  
Machine Gunner Serving in France

(Copyright, 1917, by Arthur Guy Empey)

"You damned tank and, I have  
been trying to raise you for fifteen  
minutes. What's the matter, are you  
asleep? (Just as if anyone could  
have slept in that infernal racket!)  
'Never mind framing a nasty answer.  
Just listen.'"

"Are you game for putting some-  
thing over on the Boches and Old Pe-  
pper all in one?"

"I answered that I was game enough  
when it came to putting it over the  
Boches, but confessed that I had a  
weakening of the spine, even at the  
mention of Old Pepper's name."

"He came back with, 'It's so absurdly  
easy and simple that there is no  
chance of the old heathen rumbering it.  
Anyway, if we're caught, I'll take the  
blame.'"

"Under these conditions I told him to  
spit out his scheme. It was so daring  
and simple that it took my breath  
away. This is what he proposed:

"If the Boches should use that road  
again, to send by the tap system the  
target and range. I had previously  
told him about our captain talking out  
loud as if he were sending through  
orders. Well, if this happened, I was  
to send the dope to Cassell and he  
would transmit it to the battery com-  
mander as officially coming through  
the observation post. Then the bat-  
tery would open up. Afterwards, dur-  
ing the investigation, Cassell would  
swear he received it direct. They  
would have to believe him, because it  
was impossible from his post in the  
battery dugout to know that the road  
was being used at that time by the  
Germans. And also it was impossible  
for him to give the target, range and  
degrees. You know a battery chart is  
not passed around among the men like  
a newspaper from Blighty. From him  
the investigation would go to the ob-  
servation post, and the observing offi-  
cer could truthfully swear that I had  
not sent the message by phone, and  
that no orders to fire had been issued  
by him. The investigators would then  
be up in the air, we would be safe, the  
Boches would receive a good beating,  
and we would get our own back on Old  
Pepper. It was too good to be true.  
I gleefully fell in with the scheme,  
and told Cassell I was his man."

"Then I waited with beating heart  
and watched the captain like a hawk.  
He was beginning to fidget again  
and was drumming on the sandbags  
with his feet. At last, turning to me,  
he said:

"Wilson, this army is a blankety  
blank washout. What's the use of hav-  
ing artillery if it is not allowed to fire?  
The government at home ought to be  
hanged with some of their red tape.  
It's through them that we have no  
shells."

"I answered, 'Yes, sir,' and started  
sending this opinion over the wire to  
Cassell, but the captain interrupted me  
with:

"Keep those infernal fingers still.  
What's the matter, getting the nerves?  
When I'm talking to you, pay atten-  
tion."

"My heart sank. Supposing he had  
rumbled that tapping, then all would  
be up with our plan. I stopped drum-  
ming with my fingers and said:

"Beg your pardon, sir, just a habit  
with me."

"And a d—d silly one, too," he an-  
swered, turning to his glasses again,  
and I knew I was safe. He had not  
tumbled to the meaning of that tap-  
ping."

"All at once, without turning round,  
he exclaimed:

"Well, of all the nerve I've ever run  
across, this takes the cake. Those  
Boches are using that road  
again. Blind my eyes, this time it is a  
whole brigade of them, transports and  
all. What a pretty target for our  
'4.5's.' The beggars know that we  
won't fire. A d—d shame, I call it.  
Oh, just for a chance to turn D 238  
loose on them."

"I was trembling with excitement.  
From repeated stolen glances at the  
captain's range chart, that road with  
its range was burned into my mind."

## BOOKS FOR OUR BOYS.

The State of Kentucky has been  
called upon to furnish 2,000 books  
for the soldiers in the camps and  
trenches. Any kind of fiction, history,  
poetry or travel books will be  
acceptable. In fact all good, read-  
able works will be welcomed by the  
soldier boys. Mrs. Virginia Lips-  
comb, of the Hopkinsville Public Li-  
brary will receive books donated up  
to March 23 and they will be shipped  
March 24. Many have been sent in.  
Will you contribute one or more?

## SEATS ON SALE

Seats for the Private Post Lecture  
at the Tabernacle March 30, are now  
on sale at the Campbell-Coxes Drug  
Company's Store. Adults 50 cents,  
children 35 cents. No reservations.

Senator Thos. A. Combs, of Pay-  
ette, has resigned to accept a federal  
bank position.

Austrian aviators are said to be  
sparing Rome from bombs on account  
of the Pope.

## HAM SACKS.

Supply now on hand at Kentuck-  
ian office at 2 to 4 cents each.

"Over the wire I tapped, 'D 238 bat-  
tery, Target 17, Range 6000, 5 degrees  
30 minutes, left, salvo, fire.' Cassell  
O. K'd my message, and with the re-  
ceiver pressed against my ear, I wait-  
ed and listened. In a couple of min-  
utes very faintly over the wire came  
the voice of our battery commander  
issuing the order: 'D 238 battery,  
Salvo! Fire!'"

"Then a roar through the receiver  
as the four guns belched forth, a  
screaming and whistling overhead, and  
the shells were on their way."

"The captain jumped as if he were  
shot, and let out a great big expressive  
d—n, and eagerly turned his glasses  
in the direction of the German road.  
I also strained my eyes watching that  
target. Four black clouds of dust rose  
up right in the middle of the German  
column. Four direct hits—another  
record for D 238."

"The shells kept on whistling over-  
head, and I had counted twenty-four  
of them when the firing suddenly  
ceased. When the smoke and dust  
clouds lifted the destruction on that  
road was awful. Overturned limbers  
and guns, wagons smashed up, troops  
fleeing in all directions. The road and  
roadside were spotted all over with  
little field gray dots, the toll of our  
guns."

"The captain, in his excitement, had  
slipped off the sandbag, and was on  
his knees in the mud, the glass still at  
his eye. He was muttering to himself  
and slapping his thigh with his dis-  
engaged hand. At every slap a big  
round juicy cuss word would escape  
from his lips followed by:

"Good! Fine! Marvelous! Pretty  
Work! Direct hits all."

"Then he turned to me and shouted:  
'Wilson, what do you think of it? Did  
you ever see the like of it in your  
life? D—n a fine work, I call it.'"

"Pretty soon a look of wonder stole  
over his face and he exclaimed:

"But who in h—l gave them the  
order to fire. Range and everything  
correct, too. I know I didn't. Wilson,  
did I give you any order for the bat-  
tery to open up? Of course I didn't,  
did I?"

"I answered very emphatically, 'No,  
sir, you gave no command. Nothing  
went through this post. I am abso-  
lutely certain on that point, sir.'"

"Of course nothing went through,"  
he replied. Then his face fell, and he  
muttered out loud:

"But, by Jove, wait till Old Pe-  
pper gets wind of this. There'll be fur  
flying."

Just then Bombardier Cassell cut in  
on the wire:

"General's compliments to Captain  
A—, He directs that officer and sig-  
naler report at the double to brigade  
headquarters as soon as relieved. Re-  
lief now on the way."

"In an undertone to me, 'Keep a  
brass front, Wilson, and for God's  
sake, stick.' I answered with, 'Bely on  
me, mate,' but I was trembling all over."

"I gave the general's message to the  
captain, and started packing up.  
The relief arrived, and as we left  
the post the captain said:

"Now for the fireworks, and I know  
they'll be good and plenty.' They were."

"When we arrived at the gun pits  
the battery commander, the sergeant  
major and Cassell were waiting for us.  
We fell in line and the funeral march  
to brigade headquarters started."

"Arriving at headquarters the bat-  
tery commander was the first to be  
interviewed. This was behind closed  
doors. From the roaring and explo-  
sions of Old Pepper it sounded as if  
raw meat was being thrown to the  
lions. Cassell, later, described it as  
sounding like a bombing raid. In about  
two minutes the officer reappeared.  
The event was pouring from his fore-  
head, and his face was the color of a  
beet. He was speechless. As he  
passed the captain he jerked his thumb  
in the direction of the lion's den and  
went out. Then the captain went in,  
and the lions were once again fed.  
The captain stayed about twenty min-  
utes and came out. I couldn't see his  
face, but the drop in his shoulders  
was enough. He looked like a wet hen."

"The door of the general's room  
opened and Old Pepper stood in the  
doorway. With a roar he shouted:

"Which one of you is Cassell?  
D—n me, get your heels together  
when I speak! Come in here!"

"Cassell started to say, 'Yes sir,'  
"But Old Pepper roared, 'Shut up!'  
"Cassell came out in five minutes.  
He said nothing, but as he passed me  
he put his tongue into his cheek and  
winked, then, turning to the closed  
door, he stuck his thumb to his nose  
and left."

"Then the sergeant major's turn  
came. He didn't come out our way.  
Judging by the roaring, Old Pepper  
must have eaten him."

"When the door opened and the gen-  
eral beckoned to me, my knees started  
to play 'Home, Sweet Home' against  
each other."

"My interview was very short.  
"Old Pepper glared at me when I  
entered, and then let loose."

"Of course you don't know anything  
about it. You're just like the rest.  
Ought to have a nursing bottle around  
your neck and a nipple in your teeth.  
Soldiers—by gad, you turn my stom-  
ach to look at you. Win this war,  
when England sends out such samples  
as I have in my brigade! Not likely!  
Now, sir, tell me what you don't know  
about this affair. Speak up, out with  
it. Don't be gaping at me like a fish.  
Spit it out!"

"I stammered, 'Sir, I know absolute-  
ly nothing.'"

"That's easy to see," he roared;  
"that stupid face tells me that. Shut  
up. Get out; but I think you are a  
d—d liar just the same. Back to  
your battery."

"I saluted and made my exit.  
"That night the captain sent for us.  
With fear and trembling we went to  
his dugout. He was alone. After sa-

## "A SPLENDID TONIC"

Says Hixson Lady Who, On Doc-  
tor's Advice, Took Cardui  
And Is Now Well.

Hixson, Tenn.—"About 10 years ago  
I was..." says Mrs. J. B. Gadd, of  
this place. "I suffered with a pain in  
my left side, could not sleep at night  
with this pain, always in the left  
side..."

My doctor told me to use Cardui. I  
took one bottle, which helped me and  
after my baby came, I was stronger  
and better, but the pain was still  
there."

I at first let it go, but began to get  
weak and in a run-down condition,  
so I decided to try some more Cardui,  
which I did."

This last Cardui which I took made  
me much better, in fact, cured me. It  
has been a number of years, still I  
have no return of this trouble."

I feel it was Cardui that cured me,  
and I recommend it as a splendid fe-  
male tonic."

Don't allow yourself to become  
weak and run-down from womanly  
troubles. Take Cardui. It should sur-  
ely help you, as it has so many thou-  
sands of other women in the past 40  
years. Headache, backache, sideache,  
nervousness, sleeplessness, tired-out  
feeling, are all signs of womanly trou-  
ble. Other women get relief by taking  
Cardui. Why not you? All druggists.

(Advertisement)

Intuit we stood at attention in front  
of him and waited. His say was short.  
"Don't you two ever get it into your  
heads that Morse is a dead language.  
I've known it for years. The two of  
you had better get rid of that nervous  
habit of tapping transmitters; it's dan-  
gerous. That's all!"

"We saluted, and were just going out  
the door of the dugout when the cap-  
tain called up back and said:

"Smoke Goldfakes? Yes? Well,  
there are two tins of them on my table.  
Go back to the battery, and keep your  
tongues between your teeth. Under-  
stand?"

"We understood.  
"For five weeks afterwards our bat-  
tery did nothing but extra fatigues.  
We were satisfied and so were the  
men. It was worth it to put one over  
on Old Pepper, to say nothing of the  
injury caused to Fritz' feelings."

When Wilson had finished his story  
I looked up and the dugout was  
jammed. An artillery captain and two  
officers had also entered and stayed  
for the finish. Wilson spat out an  
enormous gulf of tobacco, looked up,  
saw the captain, and got as red as a  
carnation. The captain smiled and  
left. Wilson whispered to me:

"Blime me, Yank, I see where I click  
for crucifixion. That captain is the  
same one that checked us Goldfakes  
in his dugout and here I have been  
'chucking me weight about in his  
hearing.'"

Wilson never clicked his crucifixion.  
Quite a contrast to Wilson was an-  
other character in our brigade named  
Scott; we called him "Old Scotty"  
on account of his age. He was fifty-seven,  
although looking forty. "Old Scotty"  
had been born in the Northwest and  
had served in the Northwest Mounted  
police. He was a typical cowpuncher  
and Indian fighter and was a dead shot  
with the rifle, and took no pains to  
disguise this fact from us. He used to  
take care of his rifle as if it were a  
baby. In his spare moments you could  
always see him cleaning it or polish-  
ing the stock. Woo betide the man  
who by mistake happened to get hold  
of this rifle; he soon found out his  
error. Scott was as deaf as a mule,  
and it was amusing at parade to watch  
him in the manual of arms, slyly  
glancing out of the corner of his eye  
at the man next to him to see what  
the order was. How he passed the  
doctor was a mystery to us; he must  
have bluffed his way through, because  
he certainly was independent. Beside  
him the Fourth of July looked like  
Good Friday. He wore at the time a  
large sombrero, had a Mexican stock  
saddle over his shoulder, a lariat on  
his arm, and a "forty-five" hanging  
from his hip. Dumping this parapher-  
nalia on the floor he went up to the  
recruiting officer and shouted: "I'm  
from America, west of the Rockies,  
and want to join your d—d army.  
I've got no use for a German and can  
shoot some. At Scotland Yard they  
turned me down; said I was deaf and  
so I am. I don't hanker to ship in with  
a d—d mud-crunching outfit, but the  
cavalry's full, so I guess this regiment  
is better than none, so trot out  
your papers and I'll sign 'em." He told  
them he was forty and slipped by. I  
was on recruiting service at the time  
he applied for enlistment."

It was Old Scotty's great ambition  
to be a sniper or "body snatcher," as  
Mr. Atkins calls it. The day that he  
was detailed as brigade sniper he cele-  
brated his appointment by blowing the  
whole platoon to fags."

Being a Yank, Old Scotty took a lik-  
ing to me and used to spin some great  
yarns about the plains, and the whole  
platoon would drink these in and ask  
for more. Ananias was a rookie com-  
pared with him."

The ex-platoonman and discipline  
could not agree, but the officers all  
liked him, even if he was hard to man-  
age, so when he was detailed as a  
sniper a sigh of relief went up from  
the officers' mess."

Old Scotty had the freedom of the  
brigade. He used to draw two or  
three days' rations and disappear with  
his glass, range finder and rifle, and we  
would see or hear no more of him  
until suddenly he would reappear with  
a couple of notches added to  
those already on the butt of his rifle.  
Every time he got a German it meant  
another notch. He was proud of these  
notches."

But after a few months Father  
Rheumatism got him and he was sent  
to Blighty; the air in the wake of his  
stretcher was blue with curses. Old  
Scotty surely could swear; some of his  
outbursts actually burned you.

No doubt, at this writing, he is  
"somewhere in Blighty" pussy footing  
it on a bridge or along the wall of  
some munition plant with the "G. R."  
or Home Defense corps.

(Continued.)

\$17,000,000 PROJECT IS  
DULY CELEBRATED TO-DAY.

(By International News Service.)

Indian Harbor, Ind., March 19.—  
Elaborate ceremonies signalling the  
completion of a \$17,000,000 project  
which has been two years in building  
were held here lately as Oklahoma  
oil gushed for the first time through  
pipes laid to the refinery of the Sin-  
clair Oil Company.

In the presence of company offi-  
cials and hundreds of spectators a  
valve was turned and oil from the  
Oklahoma fields hundreds of miles  
away started flowing. The oil will  
keep in operation the \$20,000,000 re-  
finery which has been built by the  
Sinclair Company here.

## FEEDS WHEAT TO HOGS.

(By International News Service.)

Sacramento, Cal., March 19.—Be-  
cause of the market price for barley  
is now higher than that for wheat in  
this section, at least one farmer is  
feeding his wheat to the hogs, ac-  
cording to a statement received here  
by Food Administration officials. The  
best barley brings as high as \$3.60,  
while wheat is selling for approxi-  
mately twenty cents less.

## HAIRLESS CALF.

(By International News Service.)

Wausau, Wis., March 19.—A hair-  
less calf is reported to have been  
born on a dairy farm near Edgerton.  
The mother is a full grade  
Guernsey and the calf, with the ex-  
ception that it is minus any hair, is  
fully developed and healthy. The  
animal may be sold to a circus.

Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
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ing. MRS. G. E. BREWER,  
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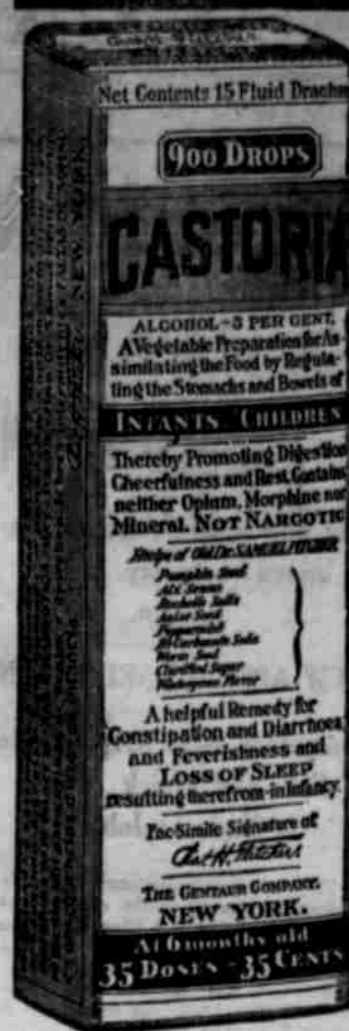
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